The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Our Georgie.

OUR beautious bird has flown away,
N ath fairer skies he sings to-day,
In blinding tears, and sore dismay,
We view the empty nest.
We miss the patter of his feet,
His radiant smile and kisses sweet,
His love which made our life complete,
Georgia has gone to rest.

While listening to the Autumn rain,
We think with heavy hearts of pain,
Through night and storm his form has lain,
Beneath the chilling sod.
He will not heed the storm or cold,
He's safe within the shepherd's fold,
Who'll in his arms the lamb enfold,
The well beloved of God.

A. S. T.

A Temperance Hymn.

ENGAGED with all the powers of darkness,
Foe to every friend of truth:
In our midst, behold the tempter
Dealing poison to our youth.
See him press with gentle whisper,
To their lips the fatal bowl;
While its maddening drops bewilder
Every feeling of the soul.

Step by step he leads his victim
To the verge of dread despair;
Hurls him o'er the brink of the ruin,
Laughs and leaves him helpless there.
Widowed hearts and homes deserted;
Helpless children, orphans made,
What a picture! God of mercy!
Let this cruel tide be stayed.

Friends of temperance, Chrisian workers,
Let our glorious standard wave;
Up and arm yourselves for conflict,
Fired with zeal and courage brave.
Touch not, taste not, be your motto,
And your watchword in the fight:
God will give you strength to conquer,
He'll protect you in the right.

For the Myrtle.

Counting Dollies.

IF your mama will let you come and see me, I will show you my dollies."

"How many dollies have you?"

"Oh I don't know how many there are. But I have got a great much of dollies."

"That isn't the way to speak. You shouldn't say, 'You've got a great much of dollies.'"

"Yes I should too, if I want to, for there are, a great much of them. One big box full I had when I came here, and Uucle Hal has given me two or three since."

"There are a great many of them, but I know it isn't right to say 'a great much.'"

"I'll ask my mama if it isn't right. She knows better than you do."

"Well, you ask her when you get home and I'll ask my mama to let me come to see the dolls. For, whether they be much or many, I would like to see them."

"I know you will like them, for they are the prettiest dollies that ever you saw. Can you count them if I tell you their names?"

"Yes."

"Well, there is Rosie."

"She's one."

"And Jennie."

"She's two."

"And Ann."

"She's three."

"And Susan. She's the big wax doll that papa bought me in England."

"She's four."

"And Betsy Jane."

"Why, you had one Jane before."

"No I didn't. That one was Jennie."

"Well, what's the difference?"

"Why I should think there's considerable difference between Jennie, and Betsy Jane. You must be very stupid if you don't see any difference."

"Well! well! don't let's quarrel about that. Go on with the names of your dollies."

"How many did Betsy Jane make?"

"Betsy Jane made five."

"Well, Betsy Jane has got a sister Polly. They are just of a size, and I keep 'em dressed just alike."

"Are they twins?"

"I don't know but they are. I'll ask mama."

"Well, Polly makes how many?"

"She makes six."

"Then, there's Frankie."

"Is it a girl or a boy?"

"She's a girl. I haven't begun to tell you about my boy dollies yet. There's a great much of them too."

You shouldn't say 'a great much.' I know you shouldn't, and it plagues me to hear you say so."

"Well, do go on counting. You plague me so often."

"Then Frankie makes seven."

"There's Belle."

"She's eight."

"And Maria."

"Nine."

"And Alice."

"Ten."

"Then, there's my little wooden dolls Kate, and Sue, and Meg, and Ting, and Lu, and Sadie, and Tim, and Joe, and Sam, and Bill, and Tom, and Peter,—"

"Stop, stop. I can't begin to keep up with you when you call them so fast."

"I didn't care to have you count them. I know how many there were of those, without there being counted."

"How do you know?"

"Mama bought me just a dozen, one day when we were in Boston, and we called them the happy family because they looked so pretty after we got them dressed."

"Was that long ago, that she bought them?"

"Yes, it must be a year since they were bought for I remember it was a summer day, and it certainly wasn't this summer."

"Well, haven't any of 'em died since then?"

"No, you little goose. Dollies don't die.

"Oh, I know better. For one of my china dolls fell on the door-step the other day and broke her head off, and she was dead in a minute."

"Was she? Well, I don't wonder, do you? It would kill most anything to knock its head off. But go on with your counting. How many had you got, when I told over the wooden ones?"

"The last one was Alice. She was ten."

"Well, then the wooden ones. How many are ten and twelve?"

This was a larger sum than either of the little girls knew well how to manage.

But at last Helen said:

"I can count it on my fingers. There are just ten fingers and thumbs, and I'll take twelve and count on the ten."

"That'll be nice; call your fingers after your dollies, and then it will be fun."

"Well," said Helen taking hold of the thumb on her right hand, "You count and I'll name them. He's Joe."

"Thirteen," said Fannie.

"And he's Tim."

"Fourteen."

"And he's Sam."

"Fifteen."

"And he's Tom."

"Sixteen."

"And he's Bill."

"Seventeen."

"And he's Pete."

"Eighteen."

Helen had got now past the thumb of her left hand, and she said taking hold of the left hand four-finger:

"These fingers are all girls. This one is Kate."

"Nineteen," said Fannie.

"And this one is Sue."

"Twenty."

"And this one is Meg."

"Twenty-one."

"And this one is Ting."

"Twenty-two."

"And this one is — Why there ain't any more fingers. What shall we do now?"

"You said there were ten to count on to twelve. You must have made a mistake."

"No, I didn't make a mistake, there are twelve wooden dollies, and I told you so at first."

"Oh I see what is the matter. There are twelve of the wooden dollies, and ten of the others. We are counting twelve of the others, and twelve of the wooden ones too. Don't you see? We began with twelve instead of ten."

"Well, what can we do about it? Shall we have to begin and count them all over?"

"No indeed. You tell me the other two, and then I will take two off, and that will make us all right."

"I can't understand what you'll do that for. Why not leave off the two that are already off, and not put them on, and then take off two?"

"Because that wouldn't be fair. There are twelve wooden dollies, and we must put the whole of the twelve in. And there are only ten of the others, and we must tell the truth, and not say there are twelve. So tell me the names of the other two wooden ones and I'll put them right in.

"Well, there's Lu, we hadn't counted her."

"She makes twenty-three."

"And there's Sadie, she hadn't been counted."

"That's twenty-four."

"Now we've got all the wooden ones in."

"Well! Now we've got to take out two of the others. Either two china ones or two wax ones. Or else one china one, and one wax one, which shall it be?"

"Why, I won't take out any of the wax dolls; for they are so pretty."

"Do you know which of the dolls are wax, and which china by name."

"Why of course I do. There's Susan and Belle and Maria, they're all wax. And Rosie she's wax too.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all the wax ones."

"Well, then let's take out Jennie, she can be spared as well as not, can't she?"

"No indeed, I can't spare her, for she has such a pretty pink dress."

"Well, let's have Betsy Jane out."

"No, I won't have her out, for she's Polly's sister."

"And I suppose you won't have Polly out because she's Betsy Jane's sister."

"No, I won't have her out."

"Then we'll throw out Frankie."

"No, I won't have her out, because she's got big blue eyes."

"Belle, then?"

"No, she's got pretty black eyes. I can't spare her."

"Well, I'm out of patience with you. There's nothing you are willing to do. We can never get on while you are so unreasonable."

"I ain't unreasonable, more than you are. But I guess you wouldn't want to throw away any of your dollies."

"Well, I shan't try any more. Here we are in trouble, and you won't give up the least bit. And we can never get out of it while you are so obstinate."

"I don't like you. You call me names. And I won't play with you any more."

And so the little girls parted. If you have followed my story carefully, you will see that their quarrel grew out of nothing, as most of the quarrels of the world do. They had two imaginary dollies in their count, and were trying to throw out the real ones, to make things right.

If people would always stop when they quarrel, to see whether it is a real or an imaginary thing that they quarrel over, there would be less trouble in the world. *Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

Our Remus.

Remus is the name of our dog; he is large, with white shaggy hair and face and eyes more nearly approaching the human expression than I ever before saw in the brute creation. Remus is a pointer, goes out with his master hunting to bring in the game birds, partridges, wild turkies. He is also very useful about the house. When his mistress wants anything from the store, she has only to write a note, put it into a basket and give it to Remus. He will start off wagging his tail and never stops until he gets to the store. After receiving the basket again, he comes back carrying it very carefully and will give it up to no one but his mistress. Sometimes the gate is shut leading to the house and he cannot get in—he will then come directly to my school-room which is near by, (for I live in a southern state and am family teacher), and stand looking wistfully at me until I turn him into the yard. He is privileged guest in the school-room, comes in daily and walks about to see if all are there. If I am hearing a class he sits down by me and as "grave as a Judge," seems to listen to all that is said. At the end, as if satisfied with the recitation, he will go and lie down at the feet of one of his favorites.

For the Myrtle.

Answered Prayers.

TRUE stories are always the best. This is of a little girl we know, Flossie G. Her real name was Florence, but her pet name was Flossie. Flossie was a grave and thoughtful child and believed every thing that was taught her about religious things. Her Heavenly Father was as real to her as her earthly father, and to die and go to him seemed no more strange than to go into the next room, or go to visit her grandmother. She believed that whatever she asked him for, he would give her if he could, or if it was best, and very funny little prayers she used to make. And her wise mamma used to encourage this trust, and never laughed at her childish notions.

One night when she was going to bed, Flossie said, "May I pray for the thing I want most, mamma?" Her mother said she might, so Flossie prayed very fervently for a *circus* to come to town! A few days afterwards there were great posters, with pictures of animals, up on all streets, and Flossie, who was trotting down the sidewalk, stopped to gaze with eyes and mouth open, and asked the first man who came along, what it was. He told her it meant that there was a circus coming there the next week. Home ran Flossie, all out of breath with excitement. "Oh, mamma! mamma! God *did* hear my prayer, and *he's sent that circus right along*!"

At another time she and her little sister had been up to their grandmother's. When they had got home, Flossie said to her mother, "Oh, mamma, Addie and I had such dreadful trouble, coming home!"

"Why, what was it?" said her mamma.

"Why there was a great, dreadful cow right in the middle of the road."

"Why Flossie! what *did* you do?" asked her mother, who knew her mortal fear of cows."

"Why, mamma, I did what I *always* do when I am in trouble: *I prayed.*

And so the "dreadful trouble" went off, and Flossie and Addie reached home safely. And Flossie firmly believes,—why shouldn't she? that her prayer drove the cow away. May her trust in prayer be always as unquestioning as now.

H. A. B.

He Carries the Lambs.

A SWEET, golden head had forgotten life's way,
Asleep on its pillow of roses,
Wee hands shutting close as if tired of play,
Like buds which the summer discloses;
But the beautiful song of my birdie was still,
And, over the lips of my blossom,
The dimples lay white as the frost on the rill,
When a spirit sang low to my spirit at will,
"He carries the lamb in his bosom."

There is never a lamb from love's sorrowful fold
But wanders in fields that are vernal,
And never a bud hies away from the cold
But blooms in the summer eternal;
When storms sweep the hills, and the night gathers deep,
I think of my paradise blossoms,
And hear the same song for the weary that weep,—
"The weakest are safest, for, over the steep,
He carries the lambs in his bosom."

THE man with good, firm health, is rich.

For the Myrtle.

The First Snow-Ball.

WE have seen the first snow of the season. Not in Boston but five hundred miles west, where the great Canada snow-storm drifted over the lakes and whitened all the hills. First we saw it in eastern New York when riding on swiftly in the cars, we saw the far uplands white and glistening.

"What is that?" said the traveler at our side, no other than our own dear father.

"Why, it must be frost," we said, looking wonderingly. It can't be anything else, in October.

"Well your eyes are better than mine," said the father, "but it looks to me like snow."

And his eyes were the best that time, for it was snow. The hill grew whiter and whiter as we went on, and finally we saw bits of snow drifted under fences and behind stones right under our eyes.

We were to go through western New York in the night-time. This we had much regretted, as we should lose sight of all that beautiful country. But from Rome to Buffalo we knew nothing about the journey but the confused rumble that filled our eyes as our pillowed heads jostled about in the sleeping car.

The first thing we heard in the gray morning was the exclamation of some sleepy traveler peering out of the car-window. "Why, it's snowing! The ground is covered with snow."

Sure enough, it was a white world we got up into. It had snowed all night. And all the forenoon as we skirted along the evergreen swamps that border the Pennsylvania shore of the lake, not only the ground but the trees were all clothed in soft snow like ermine. As it passed breakfast-time and the world was fairly awake there was great fun everywhere "scuffing" through the light snow, and sweeping it off the green grass. And when it came towards school-time the children were out every where, and in ecstasies, tossing the snow about, into the air and over one another. All the stations were crowded with boys, with their caps over their ears and their mittens on; and girls were not wanting. At a station where we just halted for a moment, we caught a glimpse of a little girl on the platform with a woolen shawl crossed around her shoulders and knotted behind, a roguish, laughing face looking out from her flying hair, and a snow-ball poised in her red fingers. Just a picture she stood, as we whizzed by; and at the same instant the well-flung ball struck the pane of glass where we sat and blurred it all from sight. And that, we take it, was the very first snow-ball of the season.

H. A. B.

LOVING TRUTH.—He that finds truth without loving her is like a bat; which though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it can not delight in the sun.

The Lady-bug and the Ant.

THE lady-bug sat in the rose's heart
And smiled with pride and scorn,
And she saw a plain-dressed ant go by
With a heavy grain of corn.
So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
And, seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but traveled on
At the same industrious pace;
But a sudden blast of autumn came
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the lady-bug bent,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow;
Her wings were chilled, and her feet were cold,
And she wished for the ant's warm cell,
And what she did in the wintry storm
I'm sure I can not tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
With the little ones by her side;
She taught them all like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride.
And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time
Than be idle and dress in silk.

Lillie's Asking.

MAMMA, where is the katydid,
That singing under the vine was hid?
Loud she chirped in the evening warm,
Though I never could find her tiny form;
Piped as oft as I woke to hear.
A mournful note, you said; and yet,
Will it come no more, in dry or wet?
Faint and low was the sound last night,
Hark! so still—she is silent quite.

What is the frost so glistening white,
That has bitten the salvia black as night?
Where did God keep it up in the sky
When the sun was hot and the earth was dry?
Doesn't he know it will spoil each thing
He was making pretty all the spring?
Why does he let the bright flowers go,
Just when we have learned to love them so?
The Father tender and good is he,
But I wonder much how it all can be."

You have seen the child to the fond heart caught,
That some sweet lesson it should be taught;
And One who heard her lips at our side,
Wondering Lillie hath satisfied.
When we meet her next, within the sphere
Where the babes were wiser than wise men here,
She shall perchance our teacher be
In many an earthly mystery;
None greater than this of her asking, Why
Does the Father let our bright things die?

Our Sunday Schools.

— News from our Sunday Schools has accumulated while we have been writing of other things. The world goes right on, and it is a steady race and sometimes a hard one to keep up with it. Either our schools have been more active than usual, or three weeks is a longer time in passing than it seems in review. Here are some of the "autumn leaves" we gather in a single excursion. We will travel first to

OHIO.

Where the *Star* gives an account of the annual Sunday School Convention at Dayton. "It was a meeting full of business, of work, a lively, free and suggestive meeting. It commenced on Wednesday morning, Oct. 22, with an hour or more spent in prayer and conference, after which the regular business of the Convention was attended to. Then came the "Institute" — the first yet held by the Sabbath Schools of the State. The programme had been previously well and carefully laid out. The topics were varied, but all bearing on the general subject — the Christian education of the young. The address of Mrs. Danforth on her "Infant Class," in its tenderness and simplicity, was one of the sweet talks that will long be remembered by those who heard it. It is to appear in the *Helper* and *Guiding Star*.

A lively discussion arose on the subject of doctrinal instruction in our Sabbath Schools, and while some apparently extreme views seemed to be advanced, there appeared on the whole to be this settled conviction on the part of the Convention, that the plain and positive Universalism of the New Testament should be unqualifiedly taught in all our Sabbath Schools; not to make the dogma of more significance than the life, but to have the beautiful doctrine and life of the Great Teacher presented and enforced with equal clearness and fidelity.

The reports from the different Sabbath Schools in the State were favorable, showing an encouraging increase in numbers. But that old evil came up in the Secretary's report, the neglect of many School to make any report at all.

The friends in Dayton received the Convention most hospitably, and the spirited Sabbath School there gave one of the evening meetings the benefits of its sweet songs.

— Rev. N. A. Saxton writes of two Sunday Schools in Ohio. "It was my good pleasure to spend the second Sunday of the month with our Church in Adrian, Seneca Co. I preached three times to good congregations. I was much pleased to find the Sabbath School full of life, and peace and harmony prevailing. They are without a preacher since the death of Rev. G. R. Brown, who was universally beloved here.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of preaching to a good congregation in Margaretta. It was my pleasure to find our Sabbath School full of life, abounding in peace and prosperity. Last night the Sunday School gave a concert. The house was well filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience. The singing by the Sunday School was excellent. The pieces consisting of dialogues and declamations, were very appropriate. Among the best was a declamation from Bro. G. S. Weaver's "Open Way"—"Universalism as an Idea." Also one from "Over the River"—"The Attractions of Heaven;" "The Changed Cross," from the *Helper*. (I would suggest those getting up Sunday School concerts, that three more appropriate pieces can not be found.) The receipts of the evening — for the benefit of the Sabbath School to purchase a library — were over thirty dollars."

— Our Sunday School at Sharonville also, rejoices in a new library, purchased with a part of the proceeds of a very successful entertainment given a few weeks since. We have some faithful workers there.

NEW YORK.

The *Leader* says: A Memorial Service and Autumn Concert was held in the Universalist Church in Troy, N. Y., Sunday morning, Oct. 19th, in memory of those who have died during the past year. The service began with the hymn, "Sweet Thoughts Can Never Die." Appropriate responses between the Superintendent and School were then said. After prayer Rev. Mr. Hervey made a few remarks, during which old age and youth were represented by sheaves of wheat and boquets of white flowers. These emblems were brought forward and suitable verses accompanying each were repeated by little girls. Verses were spoken by others with reference to the crown of thorns (trials), blossoming flowers (eternal life), and the golden crown (the final reward). The remarks of the pastor on the subject, "In memory and in hope," were particularly touching and appropriate, and were heard with much attention. In the evening the church was crowded, and the children were very pleasing. The various pieces were prepared for the pupils by Mr. Hervey, the industrious pastor, and their manner of reciting them must have been quite satisfactory to him. The decorations, mostly in autumn leaves, were very tastefully arranged. Over the pulpit an arch bore the words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Two shields each side by side of the same had the words "In Memory," "In Hope." Urns filled with fruit and other adornments served to make it attractive. The exercises of the entire day were full of satisfaction, changing from a solemn and almost sad nature in the morning to joy in the evening.

— The Universalist Mission School of New York City, celebrated its fourteenth anniversary on the afternoon of Friday, Oct. 31st, at Brevoot Hall. There were present, besides officers, teachers and friends, two hundred and sixty-eight scholars. This number does not represent the school fairly, as the elder pupils are all now engaged in regular work, which prevented their attendance on a week day. Rev. I. M. Atwood opened the exercises of the happy occasion by a fervent prayer. The Superintendent then addressed the school; after which addresses were made by Rev. E H. Chapin, D. D., Rev. E. C. Sweetser, Mrs. C. A. Soule, and Rev. I. M. Atwood, in the order named. Several beautiful hymns were sung by the children also. After the exercises were over, they passed out in a single line, each one receiving at the door a present prepared by the teachers, consisting of a good-sized paper bag, in which were several kinds of cake and fruit. The Hall presented an attractive sight, the banners and mottoes being all wreathed with brilliant autumnal leaves; while the faces of the children spoke eloquently of their love for their Sunday School, which school is indeed an honor to our Church, reflecting the best kind of credit on the devoted officers and teachers, that of carrying the glorious tidings of a world's salvation to the poor and lowly.

— Under the auspices of Rev. Dr. Saxe and the First Church of Rochester, a Second Universalist Sunday School was established in that city, in the hall, corner of State Street and Vincent Place. The School will not suffer for funds till it is self supporting. A Sunday School large enough to swarm is a good sign of prosperity.

A new society has been formed at Natural Bridge, and a church built, within the last five years. A church organization has more recently been formed by the Rev. L. Rice, and a Sunday School of forty-seven members.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXXVI.—PAUL.

Question. — After passing through the provinces of Syria and Cilicia, to what cities did Paul and Silas come?

Answer. — Acts xvi. 1.

Q. — What disciple did they find at Lystra?

A. — Acts xvi. 1.

NOTE. Far away from Judea and Jerusalem over sea and land, in the midst of pagan institutions, a faithful Jewish mother, with none to help her, educated her son to be a true member of the Jewish church.

Q. — Was Timothy's father a Jew?

A. — Acts xvi. 1.

Q. — What was the name of his mother?

A. — II. Tim. i. 5.

Q. — Was she a faithful Jewess?

A. — Acts xvi. i.

Q. — What was Timothy's character among the believers at Lystra?

A. — Acts xvi. 2.

Q. — What did St. Paul wish respecting Timothy?

A. — Acts xvi. 3.

Q. — As the missionaries left Lystra, what three persons composed the company?

A. — Acts xv. 40, xvi. 3.

Q. — What did they do as they visited the churches found by Paul and Barnabas on their first journey?

A. — Acts xvi. 4.

Q. — What effect did the visit and work of the missionaries have upon the churches?

A. — Acts xvi. 5.

Q. — What vision did Paul have at Troas?

A. — Acts xvi. 9.

NOTE. Macedonia was in Europe; and no disciple of Christ had ever preached in Europe. We are now, therefore, entering upon the history of the introduction of Christianity into Europe.

Q. — Did the missionaries immediately travel towards Macedonia?

A. — Acts xvi. 10.

NOTE. Let it be observed that the pronoun used by the historian, is just here changed from the third person to the first person. Before this the historian says, "*they* went through the cities;" "*they* had gone;" "*they* were come," and so on. But now, immediately the pronoun is changed, and the historian writes "*we* endeavored to go;" "the Lord had called *us*;" "*we* came," and so on. This shows that the writer of the history had joined the company — St. Luke.

Q. — Who are the four missionaries who first carry the gospel into Europe?

A. — Acts xvi.

Q. — What city did the missionaries first enter?

A. — Acts xvi. 12.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of 109 letters.

My 24, 12, 42, 30, 87, 9, 67, 95, 57, 31, 3, 81, was a king of Elam.

My 1, 75, 5, 90, 77, 26, 48, 18, 21, was wife of Esau.

My 35, 54, 28, 74, 94, 71, 62, slew six hundred Philistines.

My 64, 49, 107, 2, 27, 105, 86, 65, 73, 8, 106, 85, was a king of Babylon.

My 44, 38, 11, 101, 17, 34, 104, 22, 45, 4, was a son of Simon the high priest.

My 7, 68, 102, 72, 109, 35, 52, 88, 98, was converted by Paul.

My 15, 82, 27, 20, 58, 16, 43, was a son of Eunice.

My 66, 51, 25, 89, 23, a plague in Egypt.

My 41, 99, 56, 40, 22, 108, 13, 5, were driven out before Moses.

My 19, 71, 53, 57, 29, is the name of an ancient God

My 100, 82, 33, 97, 49, 10, 92, was a city of Assyria.

My 50, 36, 47, 75, 83, was the son of Zerah.

My 29, 38, 79, 37, 8, 78, 28, 89, 67, a son of Jesse.

My 14, 25, 88, 103, 59, is a name for the young.

My 69, 93, 60, 55, are very useful to us.

My 91, 16, 52, 9, 61, 76, is a number.

My 84, 70, 33, 96, is used to live in.

My whole includes both a blessing and a promise.

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